

Where Jackies Come From.

Where does the country get them? Are these raw recruits picked up from the fishing and mercantile fleets, with their apprenticeship affairs already finished? Other guess, whenever hazarded, has been wrong. The boys who are the hard work of taking the fleet around the world are not before they step aboard a commissioned war vessel as members of the crew, and they are seamen in the more liberal meaning of the word than had been trained to on salt water only on a fishing merchant vessel. They are, in fact, the alumni of the country's best and least-known institutions learning the naval training station at Norfolk, Va., San Francisco, and Newport, R. I.

About 5,000 graduates leave the training stations annually. And the great work is done with so little cost and ostentation that the country as a whole, is totally ignorant of the place and manner in which it is accomplished. While the annual output of the naval schools is about 5,000, there is a graduating class of anywhere from 1,000 to 2,000. The course is only a few months long, from the physical examinations which open it, to the assignment to a ship, which terminates the work as continuous. A month seen a batch of sailors ready and ready for active service. And this is the manner of making the training school at Newport a collection of buildings of cream-colored brick on Coaster's Island, in Narragansett bay, the water side of the city of Newport, R. I., from the mainland of which it is separated only by a creek. The academy grounds have the dignity of an island. This part of the government's naval equipment valued at \$900,000, and so satisfactory that the work done is proven in a school of the same nature is to be opened near Chicago at a cost of \$2,400,000, and the school will have improved and additions in the immediate future which will cost \$1,100,000.

First Smell of the Sea. In seacoast towns and cities provide the bulk of the student body at the naval schools, but there are enrolled boys and young men from every part of the country, many of them their first smell of salt water as they alight from the train and take them to society's summer resort. These freshmen, as they may be called, are the recruits who, having passed upon the alluring posters of the naval enrolling offices, have taken courage and filed their applications for admission to Uncle Sam's service.

Applying is an important step, but it means nothing that acceptance of the offer of service will entitle the applicant to a commission. An average of 25 per cent. of applicants are able to produce the physical certificates, pass the physical examination and demonstrate that they are generally desirable and promising enough to warrant the government in spending money to make recruits of them. It may be seen, therefore, that the personnel of the United States navy is "picked" in a very real sense of the word.

The applicant who does get by the gate is transported at government expense from the enlistment office to the naval school, and the first thing he encounters there is a still more rigid physical examination than the first, following which he is put in a detention house for at least two weeks to give any lurking disease an opportunity to manifest itself. The detention house, it should be understood, is not in any sense a prison cell, but simply a clean, well-ventilated, attractive building, to which the recruit is confined for a short period.

Getting His Sea Legs. Having passed this ordeal, the ensign sailor has matriculated. His name of Federal generosity comes down to him measured by a tailor, from whom he presently receives a complete outfit of clothing for summer and winter, coupled with an order to have his citizen's apparel and dress made over. Sixty dollars is all that is paid for each outfit, each piece is labeled with the owner's name, and the student receives a "lucky bag," which his clothes are to be kept in, and which he is to fold each night and keep it "stowed," and the manner of folding is such that the clothes are always pressed and ready.

The remainder of the outfit consists of a hammock—not the usual sailor's implement, but a device fitted with a hair mattress and blankets—very comfortable to sleep in once one becomes accustomed to it although a novel and awkward at first.

The initial lesson of the freshman is to teach that necessary and common sense is a sailor's fundamental. Whether he has ever before learned the habit of bathing frequently or not, he does so now. The recruits are simple, from tubs to a big swimming pool, and the orders are

the course of only four months, the naturally progressive recruit for the first twenty-one days of the course remains a fresh

man, his attention being devoted by his residence in the detention barracks. This is, however, not intended to emphasize the fact that he is a new comer, but is a precautionary measure against the spread of disease germs which may have been brought in from the outside world. During this period he is a busy student. Whatever tendency he may have to homesickness is subdued by the fact that from the hour of turning out of his hammock to that of turning in, every minute is filled with a complete course which excludes other thoughts than those of the duties at hand.

His physical education begins with setting-up drills, which teach him the salute and other necessary ceremonies. If he does not know how to swim, he receives lessons in the big pool, which, in winter, is kept at a proper temperature. He gets acquainted with his fellows and attends classes. At the end of three weeks he has completed his novitiate. He is surprised to find how quickly the time has flown, and is assigned to regular quarters in the barracks for the remainder of the course.

Piping to Breakfast. Here he learns what strenuous school life really means. His day begins with reveille at 5:30, when he turns out, is served with a bowl of hot cocoa and spends an hour washing up his hammock, cleaning his clothes and tidying up quarters generally. At 8 o'clock the bugle sounds for breakfast formation, and the recruit falls into line in the battalion of which he is a member and marches to the mess hall.

Breakfast is one of three hearty meals passed out each day to the students of the naval school. There is nothing elaborate about these meals, nor is there anything stingy—just good meat, potatoes and other vegetables, bread and butter in any desired quantity, with tea and cocoa to wash it down, and on Sundays and holidays, pie or other dessert. The appetite with which it is eaten would make any food palatable, even though it were far worse than that served to the young sailors.

Following breakfast comes sick call, then assembly and prayer, and from that time until the noon dinner there are alternating periods of study, instruction or recitation, which continue after dinner until the liberty period in the latter part of the afternoon. Sports of all kinds are indulged in during these leisure hours, the American games of baseball and football being favorite sports. At 3:35 the hammocks are piped down and taps sound at 9.

Regular drills begin at once after the assignment of a recruit to a battalion. Besides drilling, the future sailors learn signaling of all kinds. The walls of the drill hall are covered with the flags of all nations and their signal codes. Wigwagging and semaphore are practiced until the classes are proficient in these arts. From a huge compass painted on the wall they learn to box the compass.

School of the Sailor. All departments of the sailor's profession are included in the course. With a log and lead-line the boys learn how to tell the "marks" and "depths." Out on the breakwater are small stages from which they heave the lead. In the rigging loft instruction is given in tying knots, colling gear and making splices, and on a masthead in the yard fitted with the ropes and spars of a sea-going vessel the students make practical application of the theory of working ship.

Interspersed with what may in the reading appear like a dull routine are occasional cruises about the waters of Narragansett bay and the nearby sounds, in the course of which the embryo sailors learn navigation by practicing R. In addition to small sailing vessels for these cruises there are larger vessels, rather more yacht-like in construction and fitting than the recruits will find when they get into actual service. The cruises are naturally looked upon as a highly enjoyable part of the course, and every undergraduate has a chance at them. There is no end to the drills both ashore and afloat. Practice with small arms—revolvers and rifles—is an essential part of the education. Familiarity with thermometer, barometer and chronometer are cultivated. There is, in short, hardly a branch of knowledge which may come in useful in the varied life of a battleship fleet which is not taught either theoretically or practically, at the Naval School.

Meanwhile the school adheres to a policy of plenty of food and plenty of sleep, which combine with the constant exercise to put the young sailors into the pink of physical condition. Smoking is not allowed, although such practical jokes as all boys play on one another can hardly be entirely prevented. So healthful is the life that there is seldom a recruit who does not finish in better condition than he was ever in before during his life, and well fitted to take up the work of defending the flag.

Five Fingers on Eac Mahnd. The Bloomsburg police are today searching for the mother of the six-month-old baby boy which was found in a bundle in the front piazza of the home of Mrs. Jennie Oliver, about 9 o'clock Saturday night. They think she lives in Monaca.

The baby has five fingers and a thumb on each hand, but is otherwise perfectly formed and healthy. The police think the mother abandoned the infant rather than bring it up with deformed hands.

Mrs. Oliver heard the infant's cries and at first thought it was a cat. She went outside, intending to drive the animal away and there found the little one—Newport Evening Star.

The Baby

By Owen Oliver

(Copyright.)

When the baby was three weeks old she said that Omi could come down-stairs for an hour or two in the afternoon. So I went home early and carried her down. She laughed so much that I had to laugh, too.

"Why!" she said. "Here's my old laughing Jimmy come back again! I thought I'd lost him."

I hadn't been laughing very much lately, and I had my reasons; but I didn't want to talk about them. So I pretended to be out of breath, and carried her to the armchair and tucked her up in a rug, and made her lie against the pillows. Then I fetched,

"Why Have You Given Up Laughing, Jimmy?"

another chair, and sat beside her, and tried to change the subject.

"It's nice to have you down again, Omi," I told her.

"Yes—Why have you given up laughing, Jimmy?"

"So you've noticed," I said slowly.

I could see that it was no use trying to put her off. It never is.

"Of course!" she nodded. "What is it?"

"Another bad habit!" I explained.

"You see, I got into rather a way of worrying—before. I wouldn't let you see that I worried, but—"

Omi looked up at me and smiled.

"I saw, Jimmy," she stated.

"Yes, I suppose you did. I thought, if I pretended to be cheerful, it would cheer you up a bit."

"It did," Omi held out her hand, and I squeezed it. "And I thought it would cheer you up a bit, if I pretended that I didn't see! Aren't we dreadful pretenders, Jimmy?"

She laughed again. She didn't seem to have altered a bit.

"I don't seem to be a success as a pretender," I owned. "You always see through me."

"Yes. So you may as well tell me at once. What is it?"

"I don't know—"

"Jimmy!" She shook her head at me. "You do."

"I don't know how to put it, I mean."

"No," she contradicted, "you mean that you don't know how to avoid putting it. It's no use bothering about that, because I'm going to make you tell me the truth. And now you can do it!"

"Well," I said, "it's like this: You see, you weren't just an ordinary wife, Omi. You were a sort of chum, too. We liked the same things, and the same people, and making fun of everything, and going out together, and things seem different when you have a chum to do them with; and I hadn't any chum when she was upstairs; and so I didn't feel like laughing; and that's all."

"And now she's down-stairs," said Omi; "and that's all. But you aren't even smiling. That isn't a smile. It's only a grimace. What is it?"

"Nothing," I told her. She didn't contradict me, but watched me with her finger on her cheek.

"Baby is a funny little creature," she remarked, at last.

"He's a funny little creature," I agreed.

"Do you think he's like you?" she inquired.

"No," I said emphatically. "I don't."

"Nurse says he is."

"They always do."

"Mrs. Harnden thinks so, too; and you always say that she's so sensible."

"You have taken away her reputation in a breath."

"I think he's like you. But Mrs. Villiers says he's like me."

"Good gracious, no!" I cried energetically. "Fancy comparing a baby—or anything—to Omi!"

"Who do you think he's like?"

"He's more like a monkey than anything," I growled.

"Yes!" Omi laughed. "Isn't he? Very like a monkey." I was rather taken aback at this. I had expected her to be indignant.

"He's not more like a monkey than other babies," I qualified.

"Not so much," she said. "Not nearly so much. He's very good-looking—for a baby; and he's got your nose; and he takes a lot of notice and seems to know people. I'm sure he likes holding his finger better than anybody's."

"And you like holding his finger better than anybody's," I told her.

Omi selected one of my fingers, and held it tightly.

"Now I see," she cried. "You're jealous!"

"No-o," I corrected. "Not exactly jealous. I do feel a bit envious—sometimes; but that is beastly of me; and I'll soon get over it."

"There's nothing to get over, Jimmy; but I ought to like him, too."

"I want you to like him just as much as other mothers like their babies."

"Oh," Omi clasped her hands. "But other mothers can't love their baby so much as I love mine—yours! I may love him, mayn't I, Jimmy?"

"Of course you may."

"And you will, won't you?"

"I dare say I shall get to like the little sleepy bundle, when he's bigger."

"You like him now, Jimmy," she insisted.

"Yes. I suppose I do. Well, I do, then."

"So you can't be jealous of me liking him."

"I'm not jealous, Omi. I—I don't know how to explain what I mean exactly."

Omi leaned her head against my shoulder, and didn't say anything.

"It's two troubles in one," I confessed. "The first is that you won't be able to do all the things we used to do together, on account of—"

"The little soft, sleepy bundle," she said gently.

"The little soft, sleepy bundle. And so we shan't be quite such chums as we used to be."

"We shan't be able to do things together quite so often; but we shall be just as great chums, Jimmy. Think how delighted we shall be when the sleepy bundle goes to sleep; and we can run off together and be—just the same as we've always been."

"Ah!" I said. "We shan't be just the same, Omi. That is the second trouble; the real one. We were just two together; and you couldn't say what one was apart from the other. Now you'll live part of your life with him instead of with me, and so you'll alter; and I shall alter, because you have altered. I don't mean that we shall drift apart, or anything of that sort. You'll be a good chum still; and so shall I. We shall be just as fond of each other, I hope, then; but we shan't be quite the same people. Anyhow, we shan't have quite the same jolly times. There was nothing I wanted altered Omi."

Omi drew a deep breath.

"I see what you mean, Jimmy," she agreed. "I shall have to look after the baby; and so I shan't be able to do things with you sometimes. So you'll drop into the club, and—Don't protest, Jimmy. I'd rather you'd fill up the time pleasantly. And I shall take very good care that you like me better than the club. We shall still be great friends—you mean that, don't you?"

"Yes, little wife."

"Very great friends; but we shan't be a pair by ourselves; and we shall live little pieces of life that are different. And so we shall come to look at things a little differently. Is that it?"

"That's it, Omi."

"But don't we do that now, Jimmy? You have your office; and a little golf; and once I let you go yachting for two whole days—but I never will again! I couldn't rest a minute."

"Little goose!"

"Yes. And I have the house; and shopping; and afternoon calls. Why should I alter because I have another amusement? He's a very little one, Jimmy."

"Yes. I agreed. "He's a very little one; but the other things didn't reckon, and he does."

"Yes. He does; but—There are some friends who reckon, Jimmy. There was a time when I felt about them as you feel about baby. I'm much more jealous than you really are—I expect you know why I didn't like the 'club' at first, though you've never told me."

"Yes, I agreed. "I know."

"And now I'm so fond of Kate; and I sent you to take her home the other night, and never worried for a second; and I wouldn't give the dear old clan up for anything. We don't love each other less because we love our friends more, do we?"

"No, dear; but we have the same friends."

Omi pulled one arm out of the rug, and put it around me.

"Jimmy," she said. "We have the same baby!"

A man may be clever and wise—though I am neither—but a woman is far cleverer and wiser. I shall always feel that, when Omi said that, she made a difference in both our lives; but I didn't see it all at once.

Rat Upsets German Town.

The worthy burghers of the German town of Charlottenburg were put in an extraordinary plight the other day by one obscure and unrequited little rat.

Charlottenburg was having a gay night at cafes and hotels and theaters after a festival when suddenly the lights all over town went out. The greatest confusion prevailed in the restaurants and beer gardens and in private residences. The failure of the lights is not such an uncommon thing anywhere, but this occurrence was mysterious to the electric lighting company for many hours until they discovered that a rat had jumped down among the bus bars at the power station and its body had upset the entire mode of electrical transmission.

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